THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 62.

PROFESSIONAL EMINENCE.

AMONG those avocations which require mental exertion and capacity, custom, with perhaps too little discrimination, has considered three only as learned and liberal professions. The necessity of these in society, and their influence in a free government, make them peculiarly the objects of respect and attention. It is natural to pay deference to intellectual eminence, to reverence that dignity, which is required by superiority of mind, and to admire the influence of those powers which enable man to govern while he seems only to persuade.

The three learned professions present a field for eminence and honor, which is bounded only by the finite nature of the human mind. Genius may wanton without restraint, and labor forever find new obstacles to remove, every faculty is employed, every sense occupied, and the whole soul called forward to display its most secluded operations.

For practice in either of these professions, custom and necessity equally demand a good education as the ground work of respectability; and the professors in each have generally possessed the same advantages when they commence their professional career. With these similar qualifications at the outset, it may be pleasing to examine which acquires most celebrity in the progress of the course. The proverb indeed says, *comparisons are odious*, and it says truly when the object is to elevate without merit or to depress without fault; but we trust nothing invidious will be found in an attempt to ascertain the comparative eminence of the professional character in the United States.

The predominence of merit constitues professional as it does individual character. In each of these avocations individuals will be found of great and original talents, and of bold and aspiring minds, wonderful alike for the vigor of intellectual strength and correctness of moral sentiment; and though severe, it is yet truth to remark, that in each, characters will be found who add nothing to their profession but disgrace and dishonor.

There are several reasons, which contribute to make the profession of Law one of the most eminent in this country. It is in itself a profession where the appearance of talent will never answer for the reality. Where a man is to make an impression by the weight of his own intellectual powers and the solidity of his mind. Where there is a free competition to every interest, and motives sufficiently strong to engage the ut-

most exertion. When justice is administered with impartiality, nothing ever bends through favor to the advocate. His genius may command admiration, his acuteness and penetration may elucidate the abstrusities of truth; and the artfulness of ingenuious sophistry, woven by the dexterity and skill of an original mind may perplex and obscure what is perhaps not consistent enough to stand in open light. But it is to the possession of these talents, that the advocate owes his reputation and his wealth. The necessities of mankind drive them for refuge to these great talents, and they seek them wherever they can be found.

The profession of law is attended with this farther mean of creating eminence, that most of its practice is in the eye of the country, open to the inspection and remark of every critical observer. A man has an inducement for exertion when his merits are to be displayed on a grand theatre, and before a numerous audience. When the rivalship of talents is to be seen and determined, when he is placed on a race ground with emulous rivals, desirous of partaking new honors or jealous of former reputation, and when by sedulous attention to the business in which he is engaged, he is not only serving the interest of his client, but ministering at the same time to his vanity and his wealth.

There is yet another cause of professional eminence exclusively confined to the law. Its practice is conducted before the most learned and respectable of the profession, who are selected for their erudition and skill. The Judges form an Areopagus of dignity, impressing a respect and regard on the mind of the advocate, and place him before able and intelligent censors, who regard his actions with an impartial eye, and estimate his capacity with accuracy and truth.

If the presence of numerous spectators has any influence on an ambitious mind, (and that the influence is extensive nobody will deny,) surely when a part of the body is composed of men able to estimate professional talents, and versed by experience in all the duties of the speaker, it must give a double spirit to his exertions and new vigour to his strength.

But the influence of such a body of censors on professional practice is not merely to give animation to the ambitious, or spirit to those who are desirous of fame, but it keeps the faculties and talents, which without such restraint would luxuriate beyond their strength, into a course that gives force by compression, and power by proper direction.—With other circumstances equal, this superintendance of a set of men who are adequate to the task, is sufficient to give pre-eminence to the law. They encourage the diffident, they reward the industrious, and they direct with proper care those scattered talents, that would become too diffuse for any valuable purpose.

The profession of Physic does, like that of law, require great talents to ensure success. It calls for that nice discrimination and judicious manner which can trace the boundaries of different diseases, when almost amalgamated, and that quick perception and prompt determination, which can alone contend with the formidable ministry of death. But the practice of the physician is confined to the dark chambers of the sick, and it is but rarely the world either wishes to know or can get information what system he has followed, or which among the learned brethren of Esculapius he has taken for his patron. It was wittily remarked by a pavier when

speaking to a physician, "Mine, sir, is not the only bad work the ground covers." This was intended for humor, but it has all the pungency of truth. The mistakes of a physician are kindly concealed by the grave. Few understand the merit of his prescriptions or their effects on the patient; he may make experiments at pleasure and few have sufficient information to detect the empyricism.

These circumstances are drawbacks on the professional eminence of physicians. Some indeed, and we hope a large number, making a complete professional knowledge their sole object and desire, have acquired reputation never to be shaken and been distinguished blessings to their country, by means of their intelligence and skill. But mankind are generally influenced by human motives. Where there are powerful inducements for exertion, there is most commonly the greatest talent, and where there is a possibility of gliding through life without labor, many will be contented to float on the stream of ignorance.

Hence, as the profession of medicine is destitute of many of those powerful attractions which lead to eminence and celebrity, and has in addition those circumstances, which favour in some degree ignorance and deception, it has not attained the greatest general professional eminence, and though boasting many distinguished professors whose labors have deprived death of many of his shafts and weakened in some instances the force of his bow, it has not equalled in general reputation a more popular profession. Yet, although this is in the opinion of the Wanderer as to its present situation, it must be confessed that arrangements are forming among the professors of the healing art to establish those regulations whose effects will undoubtedly increase the quantity of knowledge, and the respectability of all concerned in disseminating it.

The establishment of medical societies in various districts of the country, a liberality in the communication of discoveries either in the method of treatment or the composition of medicine, that free communication of important information which makes the experience of one the common benefit of all, and the resolution of excluding from the general confidence those ignorant pretenders who, under the denomination of remedies, are too often distributing poison, and trifling with life—the important discoveries made in the sciences immediately connected with physic, and the encreasing liberality which does not confine within prescribed systems, merely because they have always been in use—these will extend their beneficial effects and the general professional reputation of the disciples of Esculapius will yield to no body of men in any one point of excellence.

Of the profession of divinity we would speak with respect. It is of the first consequence in society, as it in a great measure regulates the manners, morals and lives of the citizens, and far be it from us to lessen its influence by diminishing from its respect. If we point out the obstacles which retard its eminence, we do no more than show the means which can by a different regulation increase its respectability and influence. To a really good man the desire of performing his ministerial duty would be a sufficient motive for exertion; and although in the clerical robes there is a large proportion who pursue this honorable part, yet it must be confessed there are others who wear them as the mere liveries of busi-

ness. Such men want a greater stimulus for exertion than the profession of divinity affords. The establishment of our clergy gives but little reward for exertion, it holds out few enticements to ambition, no remuneration for unexpected or unusual labour. The benifice is an estate for life; carelessness seldom operates a forfeiture, and industry gives it no increase of value.

We should not enquire whether this ought to produce negligence and inattention; but, in deciding on a question of fact, merely ascertain whether it does or does not? The violent disputes on the faith, at a time when toleration was hardly understood, kept alive the vigilance of ministers who had to fight with weapons of logic in order to make their claims to its defence. But at present a milder spirit ensures tranquility; though sectaries abound, polemical divinity is in very little use, and the ambition and zeal of the public defenders of Christianity is altogether confined within the limits of their own parish, and in the regular discharge of parochial duties. And under these circumstances it is not to be wondered that the profession of which we speak has been little more than nominally a rival to others whose professors existed by their importance in public opinion, and the merit by which they obtained it.

In this rapid sketch we have attempted to illustrate the causes which lead to professional eminence, and their effects on the several professions. We have no envy to gratify, nor any prejudice to please. We mean no invidious distinction, and trust to the candor of the reader to excuse our venturing on ground where it may perhaps be difficult to step without danger.

FOR THE EMERALD.

The history of literature, or rather the progress of the human mind, is a subject of interesting and curious enquiry. In the enjoyment of those literary benefits which the labour of successive ages has procured, we are indeed too apt to forget the obscurity that once gathered round the mind, and the means by which that ignorance was dissipated which kept inactive the noblest part of man. By a slow but regular progression, the faculties and genius have enlarged, and every successive generation commenced the business of life with the advantage of all that experience which past ages had acquired. The history of these events must be interesting to the lovers of literature, and for that purpose we introduce the following able sketch from an European publication of the first reputation. Let it not be thrown aside because it is long, and cast not that reflection on your own taste, as to say it is too tedious to be read with attention. The gold is not procured from the mine without difficulty, nor is it collected for daily use without the necessity of labour.

SKETCH *of the* HISTORY *of* LITERATURE *in* EUROPE *from the* AGE *of* AUGUSTUS *to that of* LOUIS XIV. *By* M. DE LA HARPE.

If we cast our eyes back upon the ages of Greece and Rome, we behold prodigies of human intellect that form the pre-eminent glory of the human race. From these, men descended into darkness and a long night of ignorance. But genius again rose from a deep sleep, and first imitating, afterwards rivalled, the excellence it admired. All that is proposed at present is, a rapid sketch of facts, without any inquiry into their causes; and a brief history of letters and arts from the decline of the Augustan age till the revival of taste under the Medici, and that full splendour which succeeded the time of Louis XIV.

Although it has been justly observed, that the triumph of the arts, among the ancients as well as the moderns, is peculiarly to be found in times of great political power and

greatness; yet to render the triumph solid and durable, something more than political prosperity seems to be necessary. An eminent proof of this is in the period from Trojan to the last of the Antonines, princes amongst the best whose memory has been preserved by historians. Under them the people were happily governed; for virtue gave the law. The earth was happy; yet genius slept. Some men of refined judgment remained; but in eloquence and poetry Rome and Greece were reduced to declaimers and sophists, occupied in dealing out praise for hire, or plunged into the unmeaning disputes of the schools.

Towards the middle of the fourth century, when Rome was no longer the sole capital of the world; when barbarians on every side menaced a corrupted people, pretending still to the empire of the universe, a new eloquence arose with a new religion, which, from prisons and the scaffold, mounted the throne of the Cæsars. This august and powerful voice was that of the orators of Christianity; although such is the power of prejudice, that perhaps there may be some surprize on hearing men thus described who are no longer known to us but as Fathers of the Church; and no doubt, it will be unexpected to rank as successors of Demosthenes and Cicero, men whom we are accustomed to view as the successors of the Apostles. Without, however, wounding the veneration which is given to the latter title, it is principally with relation to the influence of their genius and talents on letters that we have now to consider them. And regarding the Fathers in this point of view, we may readily descry the causes which thus contributed to give a new life to eloquence. A new order of ideas and feelings were to be developed, a crowd of obstacles to be removed, and adversaries overcome; and what weapons but persuasion could the founders of Christianity use? For a long time all power was with their enemies. Hence it was that eloquence became the prevailing instrument of the champions of the new religion. St. Chrysostome, whose name alone recals the high ideas his cotemporaries had of his eloquence, may perhaps be opposed to whatever antiquity possessed of grand in that art. Who does not feel in the Fathers a happy mixture of dignity and tenderness, of the vehement and the pathetic, of sublime movements and benignant touches, with all that facile and natural elocution which is one of the essential characters of every age that has formed a grand epoch in the history of letters?

With respect to the Pagan rhetoricians, the opponents of the Fathers, more of learning than of talents or eloquence was to be found amongst them. And after this transient splendour, which religion had restored to letters, the irruptions of the barbarians, from the fifth to the tenth century, more and more spread over the West the darkness of ignorance; and if during this long interval some men superior to the rest arose, none of them had force enough to elevate degraded letters or the decayed arts. Constantinople was now the centre of these in their fallen condition; but the scholastic art, with its controversies, joined with religion which it corrupted, had acquired an importance which discouraged every other study among the nations who had reared their throne amidst the ruins of the Roman empire. Theodoric, who accomplished more for letters than could have been expected from a Gothic king, was unable

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to restore their vigour. Charlemagne, a conquerer and legislator, like Theodoric, but infinitely greater, and unquestionably the greatest man of that vast interval, introduced the sciences and the arts into the great plan of his government, making them the grand basis of a power, which, however, could not survive his departed genius. Charlemagne retarded the progress of the French language, in cultivating throughout his immense dominions the language of the Romans, which remained in France that of the laws and public acts till the reign of Francis I. Spain, England, Italy, and Germany, were, during nearly six hundred years, successively trodden under foot by the Barbarians who disputed the possession of them; and when the nations, formed of the mixture of the humbled natives and foreign conquerers, had acquired some consistence, the whole of Europe, torn from its foundations by the fury of the crusades, poured its population on Asia Minor, Palestine and Egypt, and these long and violent convulsions retarded the moment in which the people of the North, who had divided the Western Roman provinces into so many kingdoms, could deposit the rust of their origin, and disengage themselves from that grossness of manners and language which is incompatible with the culture of the arts. The crusades, indeed, assisted the enfranchisement of the populace, and developed ideas of commerce; but in agitating empires, as yet little stable in their constitutions, they deprived governments, on whom all improvement depends, of the leisure and means of devoting themselves to the interests of letters.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 13.

School of Reform, (Morton) and the Purse, or American Tar.
Friday Jan. 9.

The Secret, (Edward Morris, Esq.) and Robin Hood. Monday Jan. 12.

Scire secreta domus.

That every undertaking which endeavours to promote the best ends by the best means should receive the approbation of mankind is a truth so apparent as to preclude controversy. The Comedy of the Secret written by Edward Morris, has such a moral purpose in view that when it first appeared it gained much fame for the virtue of its design and the originality of its character and plot. The author of the play before us intended to shew some individual characters, which the ever varying follies of the world occasionally produce; to unite the comic with the sentimental, and permit neither to be too apparent; and to inculcate the lesson, that active virtue is sure peace of mind, though assailed by every temporal misfortune, and that it will ultimately confer tranquility even on him whom past vices may have rendered miserable.

We cannot think the author has been always successful in prosecuting his plan; his incidents are sometimes strained so much that the thread of probability is broken, and the motives he urges, would hardly produce the effects he endeavours to establish. For example we are inclined to believe Mr. Dorville's generosity to his tenant Frank, in endorcing his note for five hundred pounds, when he was conscious he could not pay it himself on presentation, is neither within the limits of *justice* or likelihood. No motive was shewn, which would naturally produce such an event. And afterwards when payment for this very note given in the morning was demanded in the evening, it is not very probable the man who had cheated Mr. Dorville in obtaining it, would run a race with another tenant to try which should offer him the money the soonest—Besides, where could Frank have found so much, in so short a time? In the morning, we are told he was to be turned adrift from his farm for want of it, the note is given in lieu of it; and at night

he enters with his coffers full. But notwithstanding some inconsistancies and complexity in the plot, the characters may lay claim to originality and the dialogue to correctness.

Old Lizard and his family are finely drawn; that low cunning which is continually on the watch to entrap, and then to betray, is the predominant feature in the character of old Lizard; but it is relieved by much eccentricity and humor. The meanness which appears in the disposition of Jack forms a fine contrast to the nobleness which he afterwards evinces; and which promotes so essentially the progress of the fable. Mr. Dorville is an excellent lesson of the advantages of virtue and integrity. Rosa, seems a mere love-sick girl on the plan of modern novel-mongers, and is rather more remarkable as the heroine of so good a play, than as a character of merit—Though the features of Susan Lizard cannot be considered new, they serve to add force to the play, from their singular combination—none of the other parts are remarkable.

We shall not enter into a critical analysis of the personation of this comedy; It consisted of many defects and many excellencies.

Mr. Bernard in old Lizard gave another proof of the versatility of his comic powers. The sly villian he portrayed to admiration, and the discriminating points, between his parental feelings, and his disposition to cheat every one but his family, were shown with great accuracy of tone and gesture.

Mr. Usher's Dorville was respectable, his first scenes were good: but in the last in which he tells his story to Rosa and receives assistance from his grateful tenants he was tame and monotonous.

In Jack Lizard, Mr. Caulfield's deportment, had a *forced ease*, to use a paradoxical expression. We think he would be very useful in sprightly comedy, notwithstanding this evening, &c. his merits would have shown conspicuously had not some of the best passages in the part been *unavoidably* omitted. We wish to praise Mr. Fox, his former *exertions* are remembered with pleasure; but we cannot bestow praise that would do him injustice as well as ourselves, for his personation of Sir Harry Fleetly. His conception seemed correct, but imperfect in his part, he confounded the meaning and depressed the spirit of his author.

Rosa, by Mrs. Stanley wanted an innocent playfullness which is its principal trait. The character as she exhibited it was pleasing; but gave her no chance of evincing her powers. These were reserved for the Epilogue, and the concluding lines, had great effect from the singular beauty with which they were uttered.

But ah! there is one secret still behind,
Which we to-night, have struggled hard to find.
'Tis one on which depends our rise or fall;
It is the Secret—how to please you all.

We suppose the Secret would have obtained a full house at a second representation; but it has lost its principle attraction, old Lizard has departed for New-York.

.....

The Voice of Nature (translated and altered from the French, by W. Dunlap) and the Maid of Hungary.

Wednesday, Jan. 14.

Of those compositions commonly called melo-dramas, which the taste of the present times has spawned in numerous shoals, no one has been more successful in France, than the *Judgment of Solomon*; and in this country, the translation of the French play, "*The Voice of Nature.* The pomp of these spectacles most generally destroy all interest in the dialogue; "as knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the ear to the eye." Hence, the millions are pleased, and the few disappointed. In this piece before us, however, something should be done as well as said; and we may safely congratulate ourselves that in *our* theatre there is no fear of being overburthened with *too much* bustle and shew.

The fable of the Voice of Nature, is founded on the story of Solomon's decision between the two mothers, and the scene is transferred to Sicily. The plot, however, is rather unaccommodating, since the author is obliged to make the real mother guilty, and by rendering her peculiarly amiable, has subjected himself to the censure of making vice alluring, and associating too many charms with passionate indiscretion.—The concern for the fate of the child is fairly produced and highly wrought; and the unity of action is inviolately

maintained. But the character of Alzira is not *preserved*. She repents too soon. A woman naturally vicious like her, would hardly have exhibited signs of real contrition in a moment; besides, poetical justice required her exemplary punishment.

Of the representation of this play, on Wednesday evening, malignant criticism would say much, and perhaps be just; but a few general remarks will satisfy us. Alphonso, by Mr. Usher, stood first in the bill, and has the first demand on our remark and commendation. Its principal, perhaps its only defect, was want of identity, which ought to belong to every character; but which every character is sure to lose, when committed to the personification of Mr. Usher. Although Alphonso by the Green-Room standard is a *weighty* character and for that reason no doubt given to Mr. U.—in representation it should have no more gravity than is necessary to the dignity of a king, yet Mr. U. throws into the manner of a king, happier than ever king was, all the impressive, sullen gloom of his Sir Philip Blanford; saving this objection, the part of Alphonso was well played, and, as it deserved, received more applause than any other in the piece.

Mr. Fox in Rinaldo played with considerable spirit and some effect. We have frequently remarked that this gentleman suffers from the hurry of his utterance. After he has reached the peroration of a long, no matter how eloquent a speech, his pace quickens until the conclusion is made, in the most inarticulate pother of sound and sentiment that the mouth of man can utter. We do not mean to ridicule what is no fault of Mr. F. the natural impediment to his utterance: but to recommend to him more deliberation and coolness in his manner as certain remidies to this confusion. We would rather commend him for the exertions already made, and successfully too, to the improvement of his articulation; for the most part he is prompt, precise, and forcible; he may be so at all times, by taking a little more time to be so.

The other gentlemen having little to do, ought to have done much better; they certainly seemed to endeavour by doing ill to give an importance to their business which it does not deserve, and in this effort were alone successful.

Mrs. Powell came this evening before the public with the grace of novelty added to her "*countless charms.*"—Her Lilla, although a character in which some of her first rate virtues are drawn, and by all means the principal character in the play, was for the most part cold and uninteresting. Her first interview with Rinaldo, trembling with timidity and impassioned at the sight of her lover and seducer, has considerable difficulty of action. But when the actress feels too vulgar in her mould to tremble at any thing but a rival, and too phlegmatic in her temper to feel any thing but a sneer, difficulties like these sink into nothing before her. It cannot be said that Mrs. P. was too tame in all her scenes, for although a languor generally prevailed, yet in some instances *Herod* must have trembled. When asked by Rinaldo whether she dared maintain her claim before the King, Lilla replied "*Yes*"—then sinking flat upon her knees, added, "*before my God.*" As this was reverential it was proper; but as it was reverence unnatural, and mere flummery to the million, it was unbecoming and disgusting. If Mrs. P. possesses the talents so frequently ascribed to her, she is highly reprehensible for not exerting them on an occasion so peculiarly properas this; but if she does not, and all this outcry about "domestic virtues and unrivalled talent" is empty praise, the mere return for silver-ticket favors, it is to be hoped her laureats the next season, if feed at all, will be retained to silence. They have already blown her bubble of reputation to its extreme tenuity, and one more puff from Senex's pipe will surely burst it.

Mrs. Shaw's Alzira deserves credit, as she played with sufficient understanding of the part, not to sink below herself, however short of other people's excellence she may have reached. Alzira's repentance did not relieve us as was improperly intended, from our disgust at her vice; for although Alzira was repentant, Mrs. Shaw continued very far from pleasing.

Mrs. Dickenson, supported the part of Isabella in her usual manner. She had no action that had either force or propriety, and uttered no word that was either understood or heard.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

A paragraph appeared not long since in one of the English journals, of the following import: "A woman was ducked in the Thames, at Kingston in Surry, in a chair preserved for that purpose, pursuant to sentence on an indictment for being a common scold." This appears something like what in modern language is called a *hoax*, and formerly a *take in* or a *banter*; yet it is certain that *ducking* was a punishment for like offences by the common law of England. The same punishment was likewise inflicted in France, especially those parts which were in possession of England, as appears by an antient manuscript of the following import. If a woman be convicted of scolding or abuse, she shall have a chord fastened under her arm pits and be cast three times into the water; and if any one upbraid her with it, such person shall pay ten pence; and if it be a woman that upbraids, such woman shall pay ten pence or be ducked three times, and this sum of ten pence shall be for the use of the public. Ducking could not have been thought of then, as it would now, to make it equivalent to *ten pence!*

MR. GREY,

The founder of the hospital that bears his name, was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof sheet or old newspaper served him for a table cloth. As he was one evening sitting in his room meditating over a handful of lighted embers confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person who came to enquire for him was introduced, and after the customary compliments, Mr. Grey lighted a farthing candle which lay ready on the table, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, damned by Pope to everlasting fame, in the lines

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who, living, saved a candle's end.

I have been told, sir, says Hopkins, that you are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of *saving*, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality, an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you that you are greatly my superior. And is that all you come about, says Grey, why then we may talk this matter over in the dark. So saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new lighted farthing-candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave.

WHY LIFT THE HAT?

When a man bowed to a quaker and took off his beaver, the quaker quaintly enough interrogated him, Friend, would'st have me take off my coat?—Some one, however, who seems to have enquired into these subjects, has the following observations on the question.

Fashions, like prejudices, have commonly some latent utility; this should be investigated and recorded, in order to prevent attempts to lay aside the convenient. The old way of bowing had no such merit. Capita autem aperiri aspectu magistratuum nec venerationis causa jussere sed ut Varro aucor est valetudinis quo firmiora consuetudine ea fierent. Nat. Hist. Lib. 28, c. 6. According to Pliny then, we pulled off our hats in salutation that we might be less apt to catch cold; for our custom, no doubt, was derived from the Romans. It did not answer this purpose, for the English of the last generation were remarkable for catarrhous disorders.—Now that hats have neither tassels nor corners, he would recommend, from a motive of convenience, to touch rather than lift them!

VOLTAIRE.

Nicolai was praising Voltaire for having written so much that is new and so much that is good—His good is not new—his new is not good, replied Lessing.

THE TASK OF A REVIEWER.

In a retrospect of domestic literature for the half year ending in January 1802, the English reviewer thus quietly consoles himself with the enumeration of those fortunate circumstances which have compressed his labours within reasonable limits.

Thanks to the scarcity of rags, the dearth of paper stuff, to the excise on pulp, and to the law of libel, the mass of publications begins to abate. Instead of *provinces* only *acres* of sheets have been sullied; instead of a *Thames* only a *Tweed* of ink has been let loose, and the task to survey if it be flat enough to annoy is not long enough to tire. If the neckinger mills become as efficient in withdrawing as the price of publication is become in withholding the superfluities of literature, we shall be compelled soon to revert from the *new* to the *good*, to bring upon the parlour table the classics of our forefathers, to view the inside of volumes which the binder has labelled Addison and Richardson, to learn our anti-jacobinism in Berkley, and our mysticisms in Jeremy Taylor.

TIBERIUS.

Scipio (said he) has acquired an immortal name by destroying men who would die rather than be slaves, be it my better ambition to emancipate slaves who wish to be men.

EMBLEMATIC PLANTS.

The Parisian Minister of the Interior lately requested the Professors of the Museum of Natural History to indicate two trees to be consecrated to science and to literature. The Professor pointed out the cedar of Lebanon for science and the oriental plane for literature.—These emblematical plants are probably well chosen; but it would facilitate the general reception of such hyeroglyphics, which to the allegorical sculpture may be very convenient, if the trains of ideas were revealed which led to the selection. The myrtle of love, the palm of religion, the laurel of victory, the oak of liberty, the olive of peace, the ivy of criticism, the mimosa of sensibility, are not all equally characteristic of the obstructions with which they become associated.

Extracts from the "Miseries of Human Life."

MYSERIES DOMESTIC.

Being serenaded at your window, all night long, by the tender war-whoop of two cats, performed with all their demonical variations.

After sweltering for an hour, on a hot day, in an attempt to drag on a new and tight boot, being unable to get it on, for want of size; or off, for want of a boot jack;—and so dangling about the house like Prince Prettyman.

Pushing up your shirt-sleeves for the purpose of washing your hands—but so ineffectually, that in the midst of the operation, they fall and bag down over your wet, soapy wrists.

In attempting to untie the strings of your drawers, at going to bed very sleepy, dragging them into a cluster of hard knots—with your subsequent frenzy from nipping and picking at them for an hour, until nails are soar:—no knife:

Eating a biscuit so unguardedly, that the crums, or rather *crust*-ula, keep showering into your bosom:—while, from the cause you have just mentioned, you are under the necessity of cherishing them next your skin, for the rest of the day—and a poor day of it you have!—apropos of which, likewise,

After having breakfasted in bed, to which you are confined,—rolling, through the rest of the day and night, in crums, which are presently baked by your body into innumerable needles of crust.

Finding that you have far—very far—very far indeed—from enough bedclothes, as you get into bed, in a *brandy freezing* night:—House-maids all dead asleep long ago.

Being driven from one corner of the bed to another by the sharp points of feathers, which *stand up to receive you*, on which ever side you turn.

Omne tulit *punctum!* *Hor.*

The sheet untucked, or too short, so as to bring the legs into close intimacy with the blanket.

Scissors that pinch, instead of cutting.

Receiving the first hint that your thimble has a hole worn through it, from the needle, as it runs, head and shoulders, under the nail.

A dozen or two of hiccups in the same breath.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FABLE....26.

THE DRONE AND THE HUMMING BIRD.

How many placid things we meet,
Puff'd up with prudery and conceit!
Vain fops bedeck'd with gold and glare,
Inflated, like balloons, with air;
Coxcombs who think to build a name,
By arts which men of sense disclaim.
What human patience can behold,
Those gentry of superior mould,
Who with a saucy flippant air,
Flirt round about from fair to fair,
Balanc'd on self-admiring wings;
But whose peculiar nature brings,
(On other's labour taught to thrive)
No increase to the social hive?
Should they at friendship's offers flout,
At beauty, peradventure, pout;
At serious converse madly prate,
'Tis so like reasoning, which they hate,
Within my mind I minute down,
Each character a surly drone.

Should they, too vain of every plume,
With silly, jackdaw pride, assume
The feathers Ladies throw away;—
That is, in humbler style, to say:—
Put on each little female air,
That Ladies deem disgrace to wear,
What inward merit can exempt.
Such *Scriviners* from contempt.

Were it my destiny to hear,
Some military spark declare
His bold atchievements done in wars,
Yet shew no honourable scars;
Believe me tho' I should despise
To tell the man of strength he lies,
Yet shrewdly would my heart suspect,
The weakness of his intellect.

Should some declining damsel rise,
Narrating conquests of her eyes;
Should she with conscious glory tell
How many bleeding victims fell;
Whose songs made vocal every grove—
Am I compell'd to be in love?
No. But I might, mayhap, maintain,
That eyes which boasted thousands slain,
And ne'er reserved a single ghost,
Were the best things her head could boast.

I pity those who're left to moan,
Thus roses and their lovers flown.
Sweet maids! with you my tearful eyes,
Most cordially sympathize.
For no cosmetic can restore,
Nor philtre's necromantive power,
To faded cheeks the roses' charms,
Or lovers to your anxious arms.
With grief reciprocal I view
Your plaints, and mutually rue
The woeful late-repented things
That foolish affectation brings;
With you lament, that fate unfair,
Should make it your unhappy share,
To bring, (and yet remain alive,)
No increase to the social hive.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EMERALD.

The harmony of verse never comes with such congeniality to the mind as when employed to express the sentiments of virtue. In the following little song some man of affection *claims to be considered the poet of the heart.*

A SONG.

Let others boast the treach'rous art
The heedless fair to move;
I bear no base licentious heart,
But most sincerely love.

Let passion's wild impetuous beat
Their throbbing bosoms fire,
Be mine the mild and genial heat
Awaked by chaste desire!

I will not praise thy sparkling eyes,
Though there the graces dwell;
Nor will I sing with fond surprize
Thy bounding bosom's swell.

A cheek, a lip, may others gain,
Whom sense alone invites;
But short their joy allied to pain,
And vain their best delights.

Be mine to gaze upon thy face,
And matchless beauty find,
Nor there to mark one lovely grace
Unstampt upon thy mind.

Oh! can you nurse injurious fear
And cold suspicion know!
Let Love dispel the gelid tear
With his own gen'rous glow!

No fabled pow'rs will I attest,
That suits a man who feigns;
Can his but be an honest breast
Where your frank virtue reigns?

Let foolish men in labour's mine
Honour or wealth pursue,
The happy husband's arms be mine
My only treasure you.

Unenvied, Lux'ry's lavish board,
Cold Grandeur's heartless life,
The bloody Warrior's impious sword,
The Statesman's crooked strife!

As Shepherds on a sea-beat shore
View Sailors tempt their fate,
We'll hear ambition's tempest roar,
And pity them their state.

EDRIC AND BERTHA.

YOUNG Edric liv'd in days of old;
To war the gallant youth was bred;
None in the fight were found more bold
None milder when the foe had fled.

Love, too, within his breast found place,
Fair Bertha own'd a mutual flame;
War call'd him from her fond embrace,
To search for death, or glorious fame

A distant country Edric sought;
Bertha remained, a prey to woe;
Bravely the youthful warrior fought,
And dealt destrucion on the foe.

But Fate decreed! and Edric fell!
His nation's glory, and its pride!
When Bertha heard—sad tale to tell,
She nam'd her Edric, drooped! and died!

STANZA.

Now recedes the waneing moon,
Cheq'ring o'er the trembling grove,
Night's serene and starry moon
Decks the cot of her I love.

Now each flow'rets Emerald stem
Bends beneath the tears of Night,
Now each blossom boasts a gem
Shedding soften'd rays of light.

Illumin'd now the mould'ring tow'r,
The distant spire, the trophied tomb,
The wat'ry glade, the woodbine bow'r,
And foliaged forests deepest gloom.

With "lips of glue" now Silence reigns,
See Night in silver mantle drest,
In peerless splendor walk the plains,
While list'ning Echo sinks to rest.

SONNET.....SPMPATHY.

HAIL, bright-ey'd Goddess of the cheerful mien,
With rosy lip, and halcyon look serene,
Divine Hygeia! touch my favourite swain
With thy pure wand, and give him health again.
O pour salubrious streams thro' ev'ry vein
To chase disease, and all her baleful train;
Again his rapture-beaming eye shall roll,
Inspire delight, and cheer my drooping soul.
Thus to his woes, who holds in magic-chain
My captive heart, in sympathy I turn:
With sick'ning anguish doubly feel his pain,
And seem in fancy bending o'er him urn;
But then again restored to rest,
No pains his frame annoy,
The faithful magnet in my breast,
Tho' trembling, points to joy.
Can dull Indifference, with leaden eye,
Impart, O Sympathy, a bliss like thine?
To her for ever lost the mutual sigh
Which misery can to happiness refine.
Then hail, sweet Sympathy! thou cherish'd guest,
Who giv'st an edge to Grief, to Joy a zest;
From me, I know, thou never wilt depart,
But make thy warm abode within my heart.

MARRIAGES.—At Portland, Mr. Jacob Poland, to Miss Patty Chaddle.—At Salem, Mr. Stephen Ward, to Miss Abigail Foster.

In this town, Mr. Joseph Blood, to Miss Susan Jeffers; Mr. Simon Wilkinson, to Miss Betsey Pobk; Mr. George Kuhn, jun. to Miss Nancy Wiser, of Canton; Mr. Grindley Harris, to Miss Lilly White.

DEATHS.—At Malden, Mrs. Rebecca Sigourney, widow of Mr. Daniel S. late of Boston, aged 88,—At Charlestown, Mr. George Calder, aged 70.—At St. Pierres, (Mart.) 11th Nov. Mr. William Barrell, aged 30, son of the late Theodore B. of this town.

In this town, Mr. Philip Perkins, aged 29; Mrs. Nancy Willis, wife of Mr. Charles W.; Master Nathaniel Brewer, aged 5 years and 6 months, son of Mr. Nathaniel B.; Mrs. Jane Sheridan, aged 60; Master William M. Carnes, aged 7.

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